Blockprint

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Cover — From the mural "March of Humanity"

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"MARCH OF HUMANITY"

During the summer of 1967 and for the past two months, I have been working under the direction of David Alfaro Siqueiros on the "March of Humanity" mural. Preceded by Rivera and Orozco, Siqueiros is the last of the three "greats" of Mexican mural painters.

Being involved in the construction of this mural has been a valuable and exciting experience in my development as an artist.

The "March of Humanity" mural, the largest in the world, will cover over 46,000 square feet and will form the walls and ceilings of an auditorium in Mexico City. With the exception of the ceiling and a portion of the wall space, all the work is being done on a series of 48 panels. We are working on these panels in Cuernavaca and this summer each panel will be moved a distance of 45 miles to Mexico City. The mural will be completely assembled by the opening of the Olympics in October. Painted metal sculpture extends from the surface of each panel and is closely integrated with the "flat" painting on the panel. An acrylic called Poletic covers most of the mural's surface. The panels are made of a concrete and asbestos mixture and are reinforced with steel. Each panel weighs approximately 1200 pounds and is 11x13 feet in dimension.

The "March of Humanity" is a visual statement about revolution. Siqueiros does not deal with a specific revolution, but with Man's survival and his progress in building a better society.

The first part of the mural depicts the slow evolution of humanity and then one sees the progressive momentum as Man interacts with his fellow man. Diagonals dominate the last few panels of the landscape and a rush of humanity is visible in that motion. Figures are seen only as vibrations. The mural ends in a blur as the March of Humanity increases in momentum.

The metal sculpture which is bolted to the asbestos panels serves several functions. Sculptured figures (10 feet tall) "lead" groups of painted figures. Feet "fade" into the painting while the rest of the torso extends as much as a foot from the panel. With painting alone, one can work out tremendous perspective problems. However, painted-sculpture adds new exciting dimensions!

This difference in extensions from the panel has much to do with the perspective compensation for the viewer. Figures literally break through the painted surface of the panel and create real space. By shifting his position, the spectator is able to view either side of the extended figures. He can be in front of a group of figures or can stand in the wake of a rush of figures. By standing directly in front of one or several panels, one can be just a spectator viewing the intended motion of the composition. Place yourself alongside of the mural, and you are among figures creating the sensation that you are a part of the onward movement of humanity.

Since the mural is not yet fully assembled, I am able to view sections and become involved in the "March". When the mural is completed, the spectator will be standing a tremendous distance from each panel. It will not be so easy to involve oneself in the action of the mural. But the elements of movement - perspective, color, etc. will still be present - and many of these will offer a real experience with the "March of Humanity".

Mark Rogovin
Casa 13 De Las 14 Casas
Cuquhtemoc 715
Cuernavaca, Morelos
Mexico

SIX QUESTIONS . . .

— Why are there months between Student Council meetings when they are supposed to be held at least once a month?

— Why is there never a quorum at meetings?

— Why is the rewriting of the Council Constitution constantly being put off?

— Why are there no minutes to prove that the existing constitution was ever approved?

— Why does the Student Council refuse to act on the delinquent organizations which are never represented at meetings?

— Who is Acky Tara?

The following statement (with slight changes for clarity) was read in the faculty meeting on Wednesday, March 13, 1968.

Presently our nation is involved in a war which has aroused the protest of many of our students whose consciences have been stirred by what they feel to be an immoral and useless involvement by the United States of America. As a result of this escalating conflict more and more of the young men in our colleges and universities are being drafted to fight and kill for a cause that they often seriously question. We, as college instructors and administrators, have always had the responsibility to be sensitive to the opinions and actions of our students. Further, we have an obligation to publicly support them at times such as the present when they need our support in their protest against the system of the draft and the war in Viet Nam.

We, the undersigned, who are members of the Rhode Island School of Design faculty and administration, publicly go on record that we are in sympathy with all students who are threatened by the draft and with those students who conscientiously protest the draft and the war in Viet Nam. We also join with these men and women in opposing the present administration's policy in Viet Nam with its destructive consequences.

Below are listed the names of administration and faculty who joined in this expression of support.

James M. Addis, Architecture
Charles A. Ahlstrom, Architecture
Robert W. Archambeau, Ceramics
Ronald C. Binks, Sophomore Design
David W. Brisson, Freshman Found.
Charles B. Fink, Interior Arch.
Eva M. Gergora, Development Office
Gregor Goethals, Art History
Robert G. Hamilton, Painting
Richard Hendel, Graphic Design
Lawrence Heyman, Print Making
Thomas J. Holzbog, Architecture
Robert Jungels, English
Baruch Kirschenbaum, Art History
Myrna Barenboim Lamb, Fresh. Found.
John W. Lincoln, Industrial Design
Michael C. Michalczyk, Drawing
Chester J. Michalik, Soph. Design
Robert H. Miller, Dir. of Development
Vincent G. Moloney, Public Relations
George Morrison, Painting
John Muench, Drawing
Rudolph L. Nelson, English
Spottiswoode Randolph, Jr., Science
H. Lane Smith, Drawing
Bertrand H. Surprenant, Apparel Design
Merlin Szosz, Freshman Foundation
John M. Thornley, Architecture
Stanley O. Yarian, Liberal Arts

PEACE CORPS AND DRAFT DEFERMENTS

The vast majority of Peace Corps Volunteers are granted draft deferments for two years of overseas duty because their service is deemed by their local boards to be "in the national interest" — a description of Volunteer activity made by Lt. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, the draft director.

However, some local Selective Service boards have refused deferments even though Peace Corps service does not relieve Volunteers of their draft obligations.

As a result, the agency is now intervening on behalf of Volunteers who seek draft deferments for two years of Peace Corps service.

Concerned by mounting induction calls to Volunteers serving overseas, Peace Corps Director Jack Vaughn is taking an active role in appealing deferment cases before the Presidential Appeal Board — the court of last resort for draft reclassifications — as well as with state appeal boards.

In the past the agency performed a largely informational function in this area — advising Volunteers and trainees of Selective Service laws and procedures and confirming to local boards the fact of the Volunteer's service.

Now Vaughn is writing letters to the Presidential Appeal Board describing the circumstances in each Peace Corps case and urging board members to grant a deferment until completion of the Volunteer's overseas tour.

"We have a serious situation," Vaughn said late in 1967 in announcing the new policy. "The problem of induction notices to overseas (as of Volunteers is becoming a major concern for us. Pulling a Volunteer off a productive job at mid-tour is unfair to the nation, the host country and the individual."

Peace Corps Volunteers had lost about 77 deferment appeals (as of February 1, 1968) before the three-man board in the last seven years. While adverse rulings by the national board have involved less than one-half of one per cent of the estimated 19,500 draft-eligible men to have served in the Peace Corps, "virtually all of these have occured in the last 15 months," Vaughan said.

Of the approximately 40 Volunteers who returned to the United States (as of February 1, 1968) for draft induction, two were disqualified for physical reasons and returned to their overseas assignments and two others subsequently received draft deferments and also went back to their foreign posts.

If a local Selective Service board refuses his request for a deferment during his term of Peace Corps service, the trainee or Volunteer must then appeal to his State Appeal Board. The case may eventually reach the Presidential Appeal Board which makes the final decision. The onus is on the individual to file his requests at the state and presidential appeal levels.

Because the appeal process can take months to be resolved, the Peace Corps frequently sends Volunteers to their overseas sites while the deferment appeals are pending.

Vaughn said the Peace Corps, having provided upwards of 400 hours of intensive language training during the 12 to 14 weeks of preparation, often sends Volunteers overseas to begin service "rather than risk the loss of their newly-earned language fluency during the long waits for final approval or disapproval of deferment requests."

He said, "As long as the chances for deferment are good this system makes sense, but if more and more Volunteers lose their appeals we may have to reconsider the process and keep them, a wasting asset, in the United States until their cases are resolved."

Vaughn also said induction calls for Volunteers overseas" disrupts the continuity of carefully planned projects by host country governments who also have invested a large amount of time and money in the program."

He also noted that in a number of cases, host country governments have been unable to replace drafted Volunteer teachers.

POETRY READING

James Dickey will read from his poems in Memorial Hall at 8:00 p.m. on Tuesday, April 2. Mr. Dickey is the winner of the National Book Award for Poetry 1966, and is presently consultant in poetry to the Library of Congress. His most recent book, "Poems 1957-1967" is available in paperback, Collier Books, New York. Louis Untermeyer, writing of it in the SATURDAY REVIEW, has said: ". . . I have little doubt that it will prove to be the outstanding collection of one man's poems to appear in this decade."

The reading will be sponsored by the Liberal Arts Division and will be open to the public without charge.

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MAKING THE CONNECTION

One song opens with genre sitar music to which is added a fine contralto, then a horn and string intro to equal any of John Barry's James Bond themes, and then the actual song starts. The song, an old standby: "Amen", from "Lilies of the Field". Yet it's never been done quite like this before. Nor has anyone ever performed "Soul Man" going Baroque.

This is the ingenuity of a new group who call themselves The Rotary Connection. I received two promo singles from Cadet Concept: a division of Chess Checker (who have to this date pushed a steady diet of rhythm and blues) and I wish they had sent me the whole album or at least some information about this group. However, I've none, so I can only tell about what I have heard.

The group has nothing new vocally but their manner of performance is electric in that they approach a song from a completely different angle, often discarding the melody. They turn the usual into the unexpected, as they do in "Ruby Tuesday", which opens to the strains of a giant Aeolian Skinner organ and Gregorian chant sung in a most haunting and bittersweet fashion. The chorus bursts forth with organ, drums, and an infinity machine squealing hysterterically in the background. The fourth side, another from the Stone's Bag: "Lady Jane" somehow reminds me of Lawrence of Arabia coupled with Joan Baez on a double track, and Ravi Shankar sitting in the background.

The Rotary Connection is new (which few groups can claim), different, and refreshing and should have something that will interest everyone.

Bob Adamcik

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBIT

A photographic exhibit, billed as the largest photographic exhibit to be held in Providence in recent years, will open at Alumni Hall lounge on April 7, at 3:00 p.m. at P.C.

Sponsored by the Camera Club of Providence College, the exhibit will present many of the best photographic prints by professional, collegiate, and amateur groups on the national, New England, and local levels.

The exhibit will be open on Sunday, April 7; Monday, April 8, and Wednesday, April 10 from 3:00 until 9:00 p.m. and on Tuesday, April 9 from noon until 9:00 p.m. The exhibit is open to the public, and there will be no admission charge.

Included in the exhibit will be all phases of photography from child, portrait, and pictoral photography to news and industrial photography. The photographs themselves will range from standard 16x20 to murals as large as five feet by eight feet, and will be in both black and white and color.

This exhibition will feature an exhibit from the Professional Photographers of America, which will include 89 of the highest award winning prints of 1967 by the nation's leading professional photographers.

Also on display will be the traveling loan collection of the University Photographers Association, a national organization of collegiate photography groups. This collection will includes the best works of approximately 75 student photographers.

An important part of the exhibit will be a display on the various aspects of news photography by the staff photographers of the Providence Journal These photographs will include some which have achieved national awards.

One of the largest contributors will be the Professional Photographers Association of Rhode Island, which will display all their 1968 competition convention prints as well as award winners from previous years by many of Rhode Island's most famous professional photographers.

The Rhode Island Right for Recreation exhibit, which has just returned from a month-long showing at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, will also be shown. This exhibit consists of over 75 photographic murals prepared by the Research and Design Institute for the Rhode Island pavilion at the Eastern States Exposition last fall. These photographs depict many aspects of recreation and were taken exclusively by Rhode Island photographers.

Also on exhibit will be the favorite print collection of the New England Camera Club Council, the 1967 Kodak Scholastic Award winners, and a collection of prints from Peter Gowland, a nationally recognized West Coast professional. In addition, photographs from the leading Rhode Island Amateur Photography groups, the Engineers Society of Providence, and the Westerly and Woonsocket Camera Clubs will be included.

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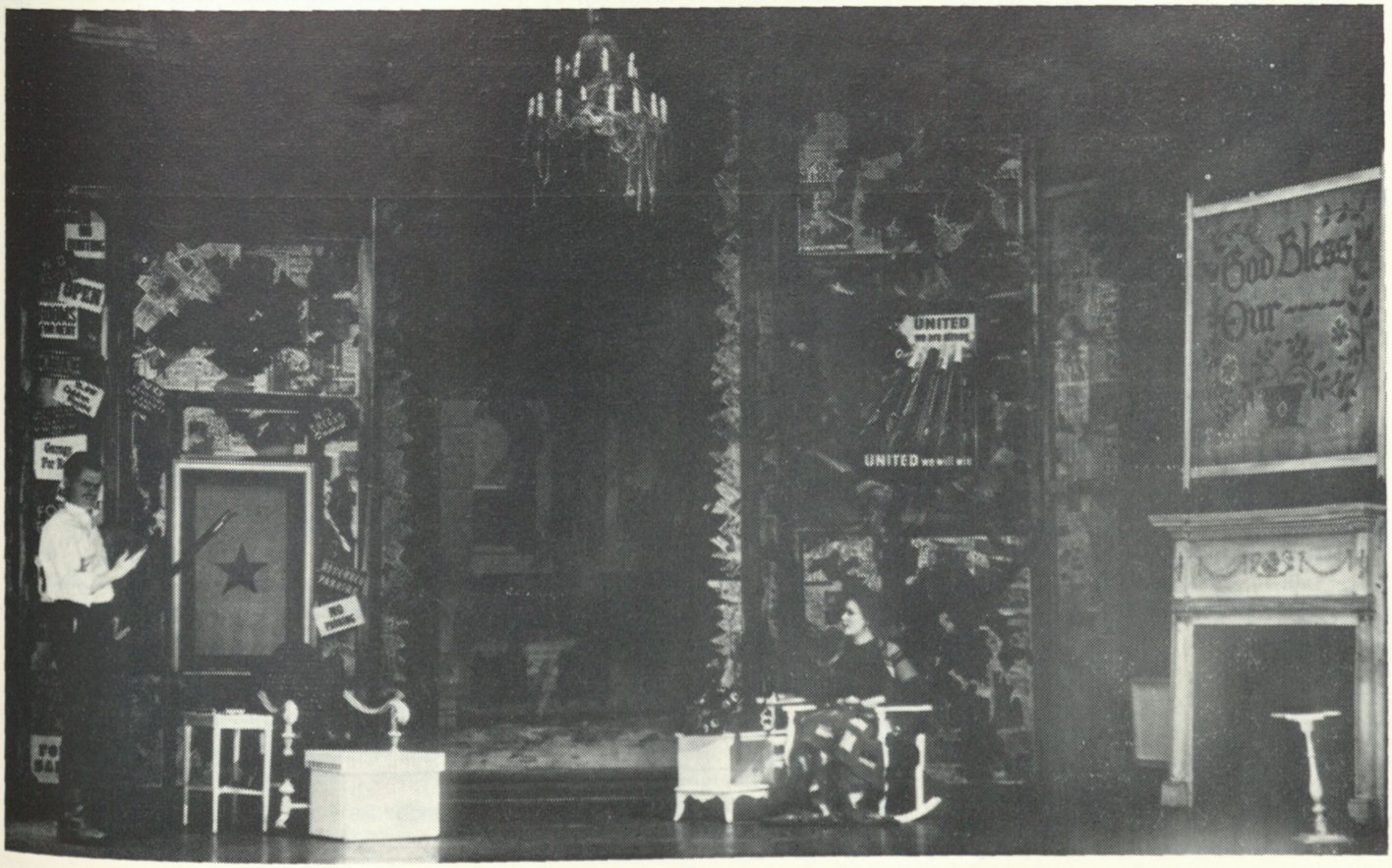
DESIGNERS IN DRAMA: A PORTFOLIO

"THE DAYS AND NIGHTS OF BEE BEE FENSTERMAKER" (By William Snyder) 1964

NAKED (Luigi Pirandello) 1957

"FOR SPACIOUS SKIES" (Victor Slade) 1965



(From the Notes of the "Lost Ambassador")

The spirit of the people is worn proudly on their faces. One can feel the intensity of their restraint, even in their most joyful feast, The Liberation Of The Damned. These hearty people know not the meaning of waste nor the folly of excess. They need neither, for their lives are rich with custom and filled with the brotherhood offered only by tribalism. Only on rare occasions, council of elders, is an outsider permitted to share thet special joy of the people. And on each of these rare occasions some fortunate visitor is blessed beyond any previous apprehensions: so rich is the experience.

The provincial chieftain begins the ceremony with the dedication. The Liberation is normally dedicated to the emperor, occasionally to the guest of honor (a visiting chieftain, one of the sector officials, or even the fortunate outsider). The chieftain breaks the back of one of the village beggars, who moans softly as he dies. The chieftain then warbles the dedication prayer over the low moans of the beggar. His voice must retain the same pitch and intensity as that of the beggar at all times. Together they dedicate the ceremony, while the people obediently refrain from breathing, lest someone's rustling distract the chieftain. The dedication continues until the beggar dies. The people frozen jaggedly around him.

During the feast that follows, public offenders are marched over the body of the beggar. Any man who falters is struck down at once. When the last of the sun has fallen from the horizon, the chieftain leaps—screaming—before the offenders. The offender standing over the fallen beggar is disembowled where he stands (a reference to the mythology which surrounds the people). All those after him are then publicly decapitated by the chieftain; all those before him are pardoned—hence the name given to the ceremony.

Even the meal which follows the Liberation reflects the restraint of the people. Customarily the guest is served last, so that he might savor the meal more than the others. A concept so pure, that only a society steeped in traditionalism could preserve it. The courses are many—indeed, it makes one wonder how many different flavor-buds there are on the tongue—and well spaced, so that one might retain the flavor as long as possible. And the portions are small —scarsely a mouthful—to ensure maximum appreciation. Due to his gluttony, however, the outsider tends to digest each course before the next is served; and finds himself starving at the end of the meal.

Paul Bates

POLICE BRUTALITY:

On midnight, March 22, there was a "Yip-in", if anyone knows what a "yip-in" is, planned in Grand Central Station, New York, for the simple purpose of welcoming in spring. Alan Ginsberg and three others were the initiators and would-be leaders of the gathering which was termed as a Hippi demonstration by the press. Those who were gathering at Grand Central were to meet at sunrise in Central park the following morning for no real purpose other than being together to watch a springtime sun come up.

Grand Central was so full of people, hippie and otherwise, that there were no doubt many persons who missed trains. For some reason, (reputedly something to do with the city police), Alan Ginsberg and his fellows never showed up. By one A.M. the crowd was slowly dispersing. No one was there to lead, organize, or even speak ot them. Growing a little bored, I suppose, they began to thin out.

I was thirty or so feet above the area, with a few dozen middle-aged onlookers and several members of the press. Being in front and able to lean over the edge of the balcony, I had a clear view of what was happening below.

There were several students at the information booth in the center of the floor. They were standing on the coun-

COLAB COLAB COLAB

FRIDAY, APRIL 5

COLAB MOVIE. MEM HALL "LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER — "Best film ever out of England" — Sir Michael Redgrave, Tom Courtney. "SPANKY AND OUR GANG" — We let you have the floor, bring blankets. BLUES JAM — directly following movie - Dance, shout, move - 12-piece band and 7 piece combo.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6

BLUES BAND CONCERT Electric Blues Band - afternoon sound in the ballroom cool-Blues penetrating.
BAL MASQUE - Man in Year 2001 in sound-light - color - Refectory Terrace - sound by the Unpredictables - Phosphorescent paper apparel provided at air-lock entrance - lighting ultra-violet and strobe-floating 6' helium ballons — The total environment in the pneumatic balloon.

SUNDAY, APRIL 7

AMERICAN FACTORY
FOLK ROCK CONCERT

Frank Wakefield and the GREENBRIAR BOYS — Frank Wakefield, composer of "Different Drum", "Up to my Neck in High Muddy Water", "Alligator Man" — performance at Newport Folk Festival three consecutive years — Vanguard Records — direct from Xenia, Ohio (Where else? - XENIA!) Also: THE BLUEGRASS GENTLEMEN — experience the other end — Hear it LIVE!

Weekend tickets available SAO $3.00 also Single Tickets at door. See Calendar for further information.

A WAR IN GRAND CENTRAL

ter and one of them decided to take the hands of the Benrus Clock in the center for a souvenir. No doubt they shouldn't have done that, because someone near me said something about there being several dozen busloads of police outside.

From that point on I witnessed a horror show the likes of which I still don't believe. Police marched in three abreast, pushing aside people and surrounding the area where the clock had nothing to say. The youths, of course, disappeared from the booth in a hurry, but nothing else was happening. Everyone was quiet except for the relaxed hum of conversations and voices which mixed with hundreds of others.

The police, about two dozen of them, huddled, nightsticks dangling. Then they threw themselves into the crowd, all charging in the same direction, pushing clubbing whoever couldn't move fast enough. There were screams, and the sound in the huge edifice intensified. People flew out the doors, but only a few moments later came back in, their anger mounting. The police charged again. No one dared challenge them — New Yorkers seem well aware of the brute strength of the city police. But Grand Central was fuller than before. People were in motion, the body of them moving militantly outside the ring of officers, who charged again. A boy was grabbed by the collar and flung upon the cement floor. Like flies, the charging police changed their tracks and were all there around him, clubbing as he lay there curled up like a fetus. They picked him up and dragged him out, his head hanging back. Then they were bringing him back in, parading him with a fifteen-man bodyguard around the floor for all to see.

The crowd was frightened and furious. The police continued their tactics as reinforcements filled in around the walls. Each time they charged they picked another victim, intending to scare the mob out of the building with the examples.

What they were doing, instead, was causing a riot. The tension, the strained emotions, filled the entire area. I wanted to vomit each time they grabbed someone. I watched the camera and newsmen who were on the floor. They ran faster than the rest. Any camera the police saw was seized and destroyed. There was a girl with press credentials visible whose equipment was destroyed and who was manhandled along with the rest.

The panic was loud. I had never witnessed such a spectacle of poor psychology on the part of the law, and I was fearful of the reactions of the mob. I pictured them attacking the police, in mass. I had the emotions of a witness to the beginnings of revolution, yet I was far above the crowd. Though I identified with each blow, with each reaction, I was safe, an objective onlooker, helpless to alter the situation. I was as far away as I could be, yet I was right there, not having the security of a television screen before me to allow the vision to register as fiction on my memory.

There were many repetitions. The crowd would disperse in panic, then come back in, time after time. With the police reinforcements throughout the building they began finally working like an army, leaving men to guard the areas they had just cleared. The police were as angry as the mob. They grabbed. They clubbed. They shoved mercilessly, ceaselessly. Blockprint or no Blockprint, I was not about to get myself killed. I was outside on 42nd street, watching screaming youths, one or two whom I knew, screaming police, all with hate and blood in their eyes, systems filled with panic and fury. It took about two hours, several arrests, and scores of injuries to clear Grand Central. By four A.M. they had dispersed the crowd and bussed the police back to their beats. The public busses were running again, carrying couples and groups back to the East Village where they lived.

They shouldn't have obstructed traffic in that public building in the first place. Many, many people must have missed trains and subways. Much worse they had destroyed property. The numbers of them were so many that the police automatically assumed that there was no other way to remove the masses that the one they used. They understood only one language. Perhaps if they had used the same tactics in the Lower East Side, people would have kept running once outside the doors. They would have understood that language of brutality and force. That psychology did not work with the crowd gathered peacefully in Grand Central, so people were hurt, one by one, until fear for survival finally defeated the crowd.

The police force accepted the duty to clear Grand Central for the public. They succeeded, yet the riot stopped commuter traffic; the original gathering had only slowed it. Would it not have been better for them to protect areas like the old Benrus Clock without violence, just by standing guard allowing the demonstrators, if they could be called that, to disperse as time passed? I think at great length, wondering what alternatives there might be, considering human reactions. Police brutality is a very hot subject in New York. I had once thought that the police force had to be the way they were due to the kinds of people in that crime-ridden city. But students aren't those people I had in mind. They think differently, speak an entirely different language than the punks and drunkards who live off the filth in the streets. Is it fair to handle them the same? If not, who is to analyze what is to be done in each separate instance? I am quite certain the officers of the law in Manhattan are not in the habit of intellectualizing the situaiton each time they are called into duty. Something has got to be done about it, but what? and who is to do the judging, 1) of the students? 2) of the police? Hatred breeds lousy logic.

Mari Shields

DORM APPOINTMENTS

GIRL'S DORMS:
MONITORS:
Martha Young - Collins House
Anne Conners - Allens House

STUDENT ASSISTANTS:
Pamela Becker
Donna Carson
Inez Foose
Margery Gillette
Lois Gravline
Patricia Rhodes
Marianne Shields
Andrea Toon
Carol White
Nancy Wolfendon

BOY'S DORMS
Richard M. Keresey
William Hall

'DADA AND SURREALISM' AT THE 'MODERN'

Tuesday, March 26, was the members' opening of the huge exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art, "Dada and Surrealism and their heritage." There are 330 pieces in the exhibit, dating from the early part of the century to the present.

Dada, which seems to have caused all the trouble and chaos of Modern Art since its birth, is represented there by objects made out of — and into — anything which the artist decided to use. Perhaps someone is able to classify and define them, but the range of experimentation must make the task tremendous. The hours I spent at the opening were fascinating ones, and I shall have to see the exhibit again at least once before it closes on June ninth.

It seems that all the history and reasoning behind what RISD and its people in fine arts are doing now is present in that show. The first junk sculptures, collages, assemblages, photomontages, all of which we here take for granted, are there, perhaps commonplace now (except for the quality which the Museum of Modern Art is bound to display), screaming loudly at observers all about the trouble they caused in the art world in their day.

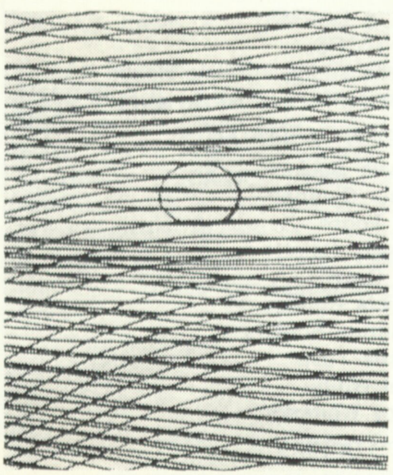
The Museum has classified the work, its progress, and explained the techniques used. One amazing, seemingly uncontrolled, technique after another found its ways from the minds of artists to their work, and this exhibition has got it all there for the seeing.

The seemingly completely uncoordinated "Dada" of the First World War and post-war era gave way to the surrealism and all its strange statements, and antistatements, meanings and antimeanings. Marcell, Duchamp, Picasso, Miro, Arp, Giacometti, and several more — they are all there, and so is the confused and amazing history of the "weird" element of Twentieth Century art which our Mommies and Daddies often cannot fathom.

The pure abstractions (perhaps not even that, as most of the pieces have no subject whatever) of the Dadaists destroyed the rules and left everything wide open. The lack of standards and rules was both used and denied by the surrealists who reintroduced subject matter and intent in their work, but turned it all topsy-turvy. The movement is then traced in the exhibition through Matta, Lam, and Gorky, among others.

Like anything else the Museum of Modern Art does, this exhibit deserves the attention of all the painters and sculptors here at RISD, and any trip to New York is an unforgiveable mistake if this show is passed over. Whether the work in the exhibit is loved or despised, it's a tremendous experience, and an education if only because of the vastness of both the scope of thought and the show itself.

Mari Shields



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LETTER

Dear Editor:

While I am well aware that RISD is supposed to be an art school and not a college, and that grades and averages are not supposed to be as important as artistic involvement—the higher things; and perhaps I will not be considered "cool" (more probably classified a Jill College) for asking this question. I'm going to ask it anyway because I think there are more than a handful of us out here who would sincerely like to know. Mainly: What's The Story Behind The RISD Dean's List? I mean, what determines who rates and who doesn't? I seem to be under a cloud of misapprehension concerning this. One minute it's Top Ten Per Cent (of what?) then it's a certain average, then it's "up to the discretion", then it's something else again. I can't see why someone with an average of 3.3 or 3.5 isn't on this exclusive list. Maybe a number of you so-called hip art students are going to say that mine is a pretty collegiate attitude (and not in a nice sense either) and what am I doing in an art school anyway? Well, I'm here for the same reason you are: for Art. And I'm uncool and unhip enough to feel that if I've done well, I want to be officially recognized. If that's not a cool attitude then I'm not cool and I could care less. I would like to see some kind of revaluation of this so-called system of picking and choosing. Maybe there's a fairer way of doing it. As it stands now it doesn't seem that way. It just seems confusing. I may be wrong, but I think there are more like me around, but just unspoken. I've decided to speak. What IS The Story Here?

J. Rubin

Mr. Cesare Fera will speak on his plans for the revitalization of Genoa, Italy, in Memorial Hall, on Wednesday, April 10, at 4:30 p.m.

COMMITTEE

"This will bring to your attention the existence and purposes of the Student-Faculty Committee, a standing committee of the Faculty whose duties according to its by-laws are:

1. To provide an opportunity for free exchange of ideas between representatives of the faculty and of the student body.

2. To make recommendations concerning extracurricular and curricular affairs of the College to the faculty or to administrative officers as appropriate.

The committee meets once every two or three weeks at 4:00 in the seminar room in Carr House. Items on the agendas will be printed in advance in BLOCKPRINT, and any student interested in attending a meeting and in expressing his views on such matters is welcome. The next meeting will be Monday, April 8th, at 4:00 P.M. The sole item on the agenda will be BLOCKPRINT.

If you want to suggest items for discussion and possible recommendation by the committee, write them down, address them to 'Student-Faculty Committee', and put them in the mail box in Memorial Hall."

BEAUTIFUL

Elvira Madigan is a sensitive and intensely moving film of a love in tension between perfect happiness and harsh reality. The most intimate details of life mingle strangely with illusions of dream-like perfection. Mozart's 21st Piano Concert, in accompaniment with scenes of beauty and serenity, alternates with the silence of reality and the pains of the flesh. Nature holds these opposites in balance. "A blade of grass can be the world, and the world is nothing without it."

The acting by Pia Degermark and Thommy Berggren is fresh and innocent, the photography is beautiful, and the theme is universal. Elvira Madigan is a worthwhile experience.

Jean Ryer

THE EAST PROVIDENCE NEGRO MEN'S CIVIC ASSOCIATION PRESENTS: THE RHODE ISLAND CIVIC CHORALE'S BACH FESTIVAL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA AND SINGERS. East Providence Senior High School (Pawtucket and Taunton Aves. April 7, 1968. 3:00 p.m. Tickets $2.00 person. SAO Office.

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CALENDAR

Monday, April 1
- 5:00 p.m. Gym — Wrest. Practice
- 7:00 p.m. Gym — Basketball - Ewing's Alumni Group

Tuesday, April 2 —
- 3:00 p.m. CB 430-432. Sound Workshop
- 7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Poetry Reading by James Dickey. Admission Free.
- 9:00 p.m. Tennis Club — Tennis Sign up at SAO.

Wednesday, April 3 —
- 5:00 p.m. Gym — Wrest. Practice
- 6:30 p.m. CB 430 — Motorcycle Club Mtg.

Thursday, April 4 —
- 6:00-12:00 p.m. Carr House Area — COLAB Formal Opening. Refreshments in Carr House
- 6:00 p.m. Boy's Club — Swimming
- 7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Film: "Suddenly Last Summer"

Friday, April 5 —
- 5:00 p.m. Gym — Wrest. Practice
- 7:00 p.m. Mem. Hall — COLAB Movie: Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner. Sponsored by Newman Club
- 9:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — COLAB Blues Jam and Dance

Saturday, April 6 —
- 2-5:00 p.m. Terrace Area. COLAB Electric Blues Band Concert
- 8:30 p.m. COLAB Terrace. COLAB Bal Masque sponsored by Newman Club and Dorm Council
- 9:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m. COLAB area. Pneumatic Structures Open

Sunday, April 7 —
- 9:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m. COLAB area. Pneumatic Structures Open
- 2:00 p.m.-4:30 p.m. COLAB Terrace. "American Factory Folk Rock" with "Green Briar Boys"
- 2:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Museum Film: "Fun and Fancy Free" (Disney)
- 7:00 p.m. Upper Refectory — Catholic Mass

"Perhaps the most beautiful movie in history."
– Brendan Gill, The New Yorker.

Elvira Madigan

sometimes truth is more exciting

Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. With Thommy Berggren and Pia Degermark, Winner, Best Actress, 1967 Cannes Festival. A Bo Widerberg-Europa Film Production.

Eves. 7:15 - 9:15
Mat. Sat. 2:00
Sunday cont. from 1:30

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